

### The Evening World.

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### WHY WAIT FOR WORSE?

**B**OMB outrages in eight American cities, showing evidence of an extensive if not nation-wide plot, startled the country this morning.

It was hardly more than a month ago that a batch of infernal machines addressed to capitalists and Congressmen was discovered in the Post Office of this city, while several more of the deadly instruments were delivered in different sections of the country through the mails.

This time the assassins did not trust to the mails. They planted their bombs in person, and it was only by extraordinary good luck that the Attorney General of the United States in Washington, Judge Nott of the Court of General Sessions in this city and Judges and others in Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Paterson, N. J., were not killed in their homes. As it was, there were several victims.

The time has come to cease speculating as to where the guilt of such outrages specifically lies or whether this group or that group of ultra-radicals and Anarchists are the more dangerous.

ALL anarchy, ALL violent radicalism, ALL Bolshevism are highly dangerous at this time, since out of their ferment come these concerted and repeated attempts at wholesale murder.

Many Anarchists in the United States are well known to the Federal authorities and to the police of the principal cities. Their movements from place to place are noted, their plans in many cases suspected.

Why are they left at large?

Judge Nott was the Judge who tried the Anarchists charged with attempting to blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral. The New York Police at that time showed no little knowledge of the identity, gathering places and habits of Anarchists in this city.

It is time all such knowledge was used and used drastically for the protection of the community.

Lock up the firebrands and the near-firebrands. Where there is doubt whether an Anarchist is actually dangerous or only potentially so, let the benefit of that doubt go not to anarchy but to the public.

### THE TERMS FOR AUSTRIA.

**I**T WAS a foregone conclusion that the peace terms to which Austria must subscribe would make further impressive changes in the map of Europe.

At last the great unwieldy Hapsburg Empire, the Dual Kingdom with its constantly recurring rifts and racial conflicts, is definitely broken up on the triumphant, now dominant principle of self-determination.

Of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, with its 241,000 square miles of territory and its 56,000,000 population, there will remain only an Austria comprising some 50,000 square miles and a population of 6,000,000. Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Serb-Croat Slovene State are henceforth independent, and other former Austro-Hungarian territories are renounced in favor of the principal Allied and Associated Powers, to be disposed of as they direct.

The proud Empire of the Hapsburgs is reduced to a nation little bigger than New York State, with a population hardly greater than that of New York City!

For the rest Austria must surrender her navy, convert her cruisers into merchantmen, break up her warships now under construction and pledge herself to build no more submarines; she must accord the Allied and Associated Powers freedom of transit through her territories; her armies are to be disposed of according to later Allied dictation and the question of reparation is likewise left for subsequent determination; her nationals guilty of war crimes must be surrendered and she must accept the League of Nations covenant, undertaking at the same time "to bring her institutions into conformity with the principles of liberty and justice and to acknowledge that the obligations of the minority are matters of international concern over which the League of Nations has jurisdiction."

There is no doubt that the Austrian peace delegates will sign. The typewritten address which Chancellor Renner read following the presentation of the treaty to the Austrians at Saint Germain yesterday was in marked contrast to the tactless and arrogant performance of Brockdorff-Rantzau when the German delegates received the treaty at Versailles May 7.

"We realize we are in your hands, but we ask in the name of humanity that you accord us the Wilsonian principles, recognized by all the Allies, to dispose of ourselves."

"We trust in your sense of justice and practical spirit not to demand that we be crushed. We are disposed to recognize our own responsibilities and accept our share in proportion with the other great powers."

The Germans had not sense enough to see that this tone was the one to gain them most.

Having been brought to ruin by German ambition, wrecked and ravaged through German domination, it is fitting that at the last Austria should give free voice to her own instinct of what is best for her in submitting humbly and completely to the consequences of a costly partnership. Unstable at its best, the Austro-Hungarian Empire with all its pomp and pretense is but a memory.

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world," was laid down by the President in his speech at Mount Vernon on the Fourth of July last as an indispensable condition of peace.

For a century and more, even including the later years of Austrian vassalage to Germany, Vienna had been among the worst of the secret, sinister menaces to European peace.

The destruction has been complete—but it has left foundations upon which a new, progressive Austria can build a surer future.

## Using the Farmer!

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



## One Way to Test Friendship

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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Fair Weather People and the Kind That Stick to You Through Thick and Thin.

**A** WOMAN friend of mine has just had an experience which she explained to me somewhat as follows:



"You know Miss G., with whom I have been friends for a long, long time, that is we live near each other and have enjoyed the same things and have seen a good deal of each other for the past several years."

"I thought she was my everlasting friend, but I found that friendship is based upon a little more than just professed it, and this is how I found it out."

"We planned a little trip together for a few days and in that short time I found out what stuff she was made. When we arrived at the hotel, it seemed by some mistake the rooms I had engaged were given to some one else and as it was crowded we had to take some less desirable."

"She fretted about it in a most unbecoming way and seemed to put all the blame upon me. I presumed that she was very tired from the trip and did not take offense. The next day, however, we met some friends of mine who invited us for an automobile ride with them."

"After we were out in the country quite a distance, something happened to the car which meant a delay of several hours."

"Our host and hostess were very gracious and as it was a sunny day, and there was no hurry for us to get back, they did everything to make the time pass pleasantly for us while the injured car was being repaired at a nearby garage."

"But my woman friend was not satisfied. She wore high heeled shoes and claimed she couldn't walk very far. She wanted to know every little while how soon the car would be done and continually spoke about trouble with automobiles; how she never liked long trips anyway, &c. In a word, she made us all feel very uncomfortable, and only as we sat down to an excellent dinner, not far from the place where the automobile was being repaired, did she get rid of her 'grouch'."

"The next day we were a little de-

layed in getting started for a boat ride, and again she took the matter very ill-natured and the whole party was spoiled. In a word, it looked to me that she was a 'kicker' all the time. When things went well she was friendly and pleasant, but when she was a little bit put out by waiting or when things did not go smoothly, she was just 'impossible,' and proved the everlasting wet-blanket."

"On my way home I gave her a piece of my mind, for she had really spoiled a pleasant trip for me and now we are friends no longer."

"I have come to the conclusion that a good way to test friendship is to find out how people act under adverse circumstances."

My friend only found an old, old truth—that there are people who are fair-weather friends. When all is said and done, it is easy enough to have friends when there are pleasant times, but the friend worth while is he or she who can remain friendly under trying conditions."

The person who stands by you and smiles when things go wrong, is the one that you love the most and on whose friendship you count in the long run."

This is as old as the hills. A wise old man once told me that when he found any one who professed a great liking for him, he always took him away on a trip where the two would be alone for a considerable period."

"If he could stand for me morning, noon and night under various conditions," he said, "and still remain my friend, I knew that I could count on him, but if he quarreled with me and found fault, under unusual circumstances, it was my cue that he might be a nice acquaintance in the passing, but as a staunch friend, that was another matter."

In truth, this is not only the case with friends but with strangers as well."

Get into a crowd, and the person who pushes and pulls or who is complaining and blaming everything on everybody is usually the fellow who would not know how to be a good friend."

To retain one's balance and good humor under exasperating circumstances is not only a fine test of friendship but of individual character as well.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Advises That High Balls Be Packed With Moth Balls.

"**Y**OU can't go downtown in that old derby hat now summer is here!" said Mrs. Jarr firmly. "I have been reading in the papers that some rowdies have been assaulting men wearing hats out of season!"

"I wasn't going downtown in it, I was just going to step out and get the evening papers, to see how Germany is protesting," murmured Mr. Jarr. "You were saying fat was fatal to health and beauty. Germany doesn't think so."

"I'm sick hearing of those old Peace terms!" Mrs. Jarr declared. "War was all I heard about before we went into it, and it was all we heard after we went into it—with your Uncle Henry declaring what he'd say to the German Kaiser's face when he met him—and charging us a dollar a dozen for eggs! And now the drives to collect funds for things—Oh, dear, I wish I could start a drive for a fund for a family I know!"

"Where is my straw hat?" asked Mr. Jarr, fumbling behind the dusty hat rack in the hall. "I hung it here."

"Well, it isn't there—it would be a pretty sight if it were, and our Willie knocking over the hatrack playing it was an aeroplane," said Mrs. Jarr. "I put the hat away. If I treated my things the way you treat yours I wouldn't have a decent rag to wear. But maybe it would be better for me if I wasn't so careful of the few duds I got! Then, perhaps, I might get some new dresses once in a while!"

"Where did you put my little soft hat, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I put it in the box with your winter clothes," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I wrapped it up carefully in a paper bag and put in plenty of moth balls. Yes, I did find it on the hatrack, too, and I put it away, and if I hadn't it would have been destroyed by moths, for the people next door must be just overrun with them the way the dreadful bugs flew in the window when I opened it to air the house. That's always the way. What's the use of keeping out moths when your neighbors maintain breeding nests for them?"

Mrs. Jarr not telling where she had put his new straw hat, Mr. Jarr had the cover and cushions off the box couch and the lid of that popular piece of furniture raised. As he did so, he noted with some misgiving quite a flock of tiny moths fly out.

"Don't mess everything up now," advised Mrs. Jarr, who was dusting the piano and did not see the flight of the moths. "Your straw hat is on the closet shelf between my fox set pinned in the sheet, and the children's winter coats, in the brown paper wrappings."

But at this point Mr. Jarr drew out a handful of flaky dirty, gumming cloth debris from a hat box. The first moths of the season had chewed his stylish, genuine-plush last year's perfectly good hat to dust! Mr. Jarr had paid six dollars for it two years before, and then had worn it but a few times.

"Look at that!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"Are they moths?" shrieked Mrs. Jarr, "really moths?"

"Well, they aren't nightingales; they do not burst into song as they fly away, do they?" retorted Mr. Jarr. But Mrs. Jarr had burst into tears and almost fainted.

"And after spending nearly two dollars for moth balls and tar paper bags, too!" she moaned.

"Oh, that's all right, dearie," said Mr. Jarr. "They haven't touched the moth balls or tar paper."

Mrs. Jarr rose in her might and anger and seized the dust brush, and Mr. Jarr fled and got him out. Maybe that was the chance he was looking for.

"Hello, how is it by you?" cried Gus, as soon as he sighted Mr. Jarr. "Want to buy a box of case goods and put it away till next winter when prohibition comes? I'm closing out my bottled stock."

"Nothing doing!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "I'll never put anything away, not me!"

"You ain't afraid of them reformers arresting you? I got some old Kentucky left that is smooth as silk."

"Pack it in moth balls then!" snarled Mr. Jarr. "That's my advice!"

"My!" said Gus. "What are you so mad at me for? Why is it that old friends is always the bitterest?"

**DENMARK PLANNING SELF-DEPENDENCE.**

Courses in carpentry and furniture-making have been added to the Copenhagen Technological Institute with a view to making Denmark less dependent upon imports.

## Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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**M**OST husbands occupy about the same position of importance around the house as the Vice President of Germany.

"Reforming" wouldn't be such a painful thing in a husband if he wouldn't insist on climbing up on a pedestal and beginning to give everybody good advice the minute he stops setting a bad example.



Make an idol of a man and he'll tolerate you; make a chum of him and he'll like you; make a baby of him and he'll propose to you; make a fool of him and he'll adore you.

The most dangerous germ disseminators, according to masculine scientists, are kisses and money. Oh yes, of course—of COURSE! The only two things in which a woman takes any real vital interest!

Love is like a telephone conversation. You talk to each other and you say things—but neither of you can see the other's real self, nor tell what he or she really means.

Don't fancy that a man is in love with you merely because he has lost his heart—wait until he loses his egotism.

Occasionally a woman marries what she fancies is a "rough diamond" only to discover that she has acquired a rhinestone.

After all—better be a poor girl's cash register than a rich girl's door mat!

## How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 42—HORACE MANN, the Father of Modern School Education.

**M**Y teachers," wrote Horace Mann in the story of his cramped boyhood, "were very good people but very poor teachers!"

Because they were such "very poor teachers" Horace Mann resolved that future generations of children should have the best procurable teachers and the best known methods of education, and he made good his resolve.

He was the son of a poor New England farmer. He had a passion for study and almost no means of gratifying that desire. By odd jobs he was able to buy one or two books, and in such times as he could be spared from farmwork he learned eagerly everything his "very poor teachers" could tell him. But all this left the boy with a hopeless yearning for more education. Unable to satisfy the craving in his own youth, he later made good by satisfying it in the hearts of millions of luckier youngsters.

By saving his scant earnings and by home study he managed to enter Brown University when he was twenty and to graduate with highest honors in 1819. Thence he took up law study and was admitted to the bar.

It is claimed that Horace Mann won 80 per cent. of the cases entrusted to him. He explained this by saying he never accepted a case he knew to be iniquitous.

He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1827 and to Congress a few years later. Then, given his choice between the Governorship of Massachusetts and the Presidency of Antioch College in Ohio, he turned his back on a political career and chose the college presidency, for by this time he had determined what his real life-work was to be.

Ever since he had entered the Legislature he had been toiling toward the fulfillment of that early resolve—to improve America's educational system. Says his biographer: "He not only labored to improve the schools and the teaching, but he gave lectures and wrote papers which showed the value of education and told what poor chances there were for it in this country and aroused a popular interest in it that had never before been felt."

He succeeded in having the school laws changed for the better and made over the whole system whereby children were taught. He made a study of the best educational systems of foreign countries for the purpose of improving the educational system of America.

Horace Mann probably did more than did all other educators and philanthropists to secure good public schools for the children of his native country. Until this time it was impossible for any except wealthy people to give their children the educational advantages which are to-day enjoyed in every grammar school."

What nobler epitaph could any one desire than this clear statement? And how better could any one "make good" than did the man who gave to innumerable children the advantages which his own childhood had lacked?

This is not the place to deal with Horace Mann's fierce battle against human slavery during his two terms in Congress. His fiery speeches on that subject have become classics.

He died in 1859 before the dawn of the war which was to end slavery in the land he loved, but not before his system of education had borne rich fruit from one end of the United States to the other.

## Interesting Notes From Japan

**A**LL foreign users of wood oil paint for ship bottoms and varnish refraining from buying, expecting a further decrease in the price of this commodity. The purchases now being made are to replenish exhausted stocks only.

The war has greatly stimulated the Japanese to undertake the manufacture of leather, and several large factories have been established in Tokyo and other districts. Owing to the undeveloped condition of the livestock industry in Japan, practically all the leather used in the manufacture of shoes and shoes had heretofore been imported.

Boots and shoes exported by Japan during 1918 amounted to \$53,608 and during 1917 to \$97,471 pairs.

Japanese manufacturers of machinery of every description are directing their attention toward China, whose demand is steadily increasing. Japanese exports include stone crushers, electric dynamos, and gas plants.

There are 715 electrical undertakings in Japan, including 626 power plants, 42 electric railways, and 48 companies operating both power plants and tramways. This is an increase of 40 companies over last year. The total amount of invested capital in these enterprises is about \$388,000,000, including \$193,000,000 for power plants, \$170,000,000 for railways, and \$170,000,000 for those rendering combined service—an increase of about \$5,000,000 over last year.

While the exports of silk have decreased 53,223 bales during the past year, the amount of consumption by local weavers has increased by 20,221 bales. The old order of things in Japan's silk market is changing; it is exporting more silk in manufactured form than as raw material.

The amount of Japan's bean cake output during the past year was valued at \$4,100,000.